

mental camp on Presidio Heights, overlook-ing San Francisco harbor. Rumors of moving orders to Manila and the arrival from New York of lady visitors at headquarters vary the monotony of camp routine. The vis-Itors are in search of a runnway boy, who is believed to have entered the army, and Lieut, Gray, the most popular young officer In his regiment, through a supposed acquaint-ance with one of the visiting party, Miss Amy Lawrence, is envied by his fellows. The party, escorted by Col. Armstrong, attends a review on the drill grounds, and is disturbed by the sight of a young prisoner who breaks away from his guards near them and by a collision among the carriages. Mrs. Garrison, an old acquaintance of Col. Armstrong, is burt. Private Morton is arrested on a charge of stealing money. He appeals to Lieut. Gray of his fraternity for help, and Gray secures the detail of guard over him. The troops prepare to sail for Manila. Mrs. Garrison joins the Red Cross Society and assists at the embarking. Young Morton and three other prisoners escape through a tunnel. Gray is arrested, charged with having aided the prisoners. At West Point, the summer before, Mrs. Garrison and her younger sister, Nita Terriss, had caused much talk. Nita fell in love with a prominent cadet, Pat Latrobe, but Mrs. Garrison took her away in time to prevent an elopement and marriage. Latrobe deserts, and his friend, Gouvernour Prime, who had been infatuated with Mrs. Garrison, runs away from home to join the army at San Francisco. Nita married Cel. Frost, and Latrobe followed her from place to place seeking an interview, until he is located in San Francisco and suspected of being with Morton. A valuable package of letters has been lost from Gen. Drayton's tent. Latrobe is a nephew of the general. Col. Armstrong de-fends Gray at the trial and secures his release. Gray's regiment sails for Manila, but, stopping at Honoiciu, Gray is taken iii. Mrs. Garrison succeeds in sailing on one of the transports, nurses Gray through his illness and goes on the same ship with him to Manila. Col. Armstrong sees a growing at-

tachment between the two.

Chapter XV. Manila at last! Queen city of the archipelago, and Manila again besieged! The loveliest of the winter months was come. The Luneta and the Paseo de Santa Lucia, close to the sparkling waters, were gay every evening with the music of the regimental bands and thronged with the carriages of old-time residents and their new and not too welcome visitors. Spanish dames and damsels, invisible at other hours, drove or strolled along the roadway to enjoy the cool breezes that swept in from the beautiful bay and wistful peeps at the dainty toilets of the American belles now arriving by every boat from Hong Kong. All the Castillan disdain they might look and possibly feel toward the soldiery look and possion teer toward the solders of Uncle Sam gave place to livelest interest and curiosity when the wives and daughters of his soldiers appeared upon the scene; and there was one carriage about which, whenever it stopped, a little about which, whenever it stopped, a little consult my husband!" she exclaimed in surthe scene; and there was one carriage about which, whenever it stopped, a little consult my husband!" she exclaimed in surswarm of officers gathered and toward prise, when asked the question one day by the wife of a veteran field officer. "Mrs. Lenox, there was no which at any time all eyes were directed— that of the White Sisters. Within the old walled city and in the crowded districts of Binondo, Quiapo and San Miguel north of the Pasig, and again in Paco and Ermita to the south, strong regiments were stationed in readiness to suppress the first sign of the outbreak so confidently predict-ed by the bureau of military intelligence. In a great semi-circle of over twenty miles, girdling the city north, east and south, the outposts and sentries of the two divisions kept watchful eyes upon the insurgent forces surrounding them. Aguinaldo and his cabinet at Malolos to the north had all his cannot at Maloios to the north had all but declared war upon the obstinate pos-sessors of the city and had utterly forbid-den their leaving the lines of Manila and seeking to penetrate those broader fields and roads and viliages without. Still hug-ging to its breast the delusion that a semi-Malaysian race could be appeased by show of philanthropy, the government at Wash-ington decreed that, despite their throwing up earthworks against and training guns on the American positions, the enemy should be treated as though they never could or would be hostile, and the privi-leges denied by them to American troops were by the American troops accorded to Coming and going at will through our lines, they studied our force, our arms, equipment, numbers, supplies, methods, and long before the Christmas bells had clanged their greeting to that universal feast day, and the boom of cannon ushered in the new year, all doubt of the hostile ntiments of the insurgent leaders had nished. Already there had been ominous clashes at the front; and with every day the demeanor of the Philippine officers and men became more and more insolent and defiant. Ceaseless vigilance and self-control were enjoined upon the soldiers of the United States, nearly all stalwart volun-teers from the far west, and while officers of the staff and of the half dozen regiments quartered within the city were privi-leged each day to stroll or drive upon the Luneta, there were others that never knew an hour away from the line of the out-posts and their supports. Such was the case with Stewart's regiment far out toward the water works at the east. Such was the case with the Primeval Dudes on the other side of the Pasig, lining the banks was the case with Canker and the -teenth in the dense bamboe thicket to the south, and so it happened that at first Armstrong and Billy Gray saw nothing of each other, and but little of the White Sisters, probably a fortunate thing for all.

while the latter's equally studious avoid ance of Mrs. Garrison had become observed throughout the ship. The dominion and power of that little lady had been of brief the largest room on the steamer—a cabine de luxe, indeed, that for a week's voyage on an Atlantic liner would have cost a small fortune, while here for a sea sojourn of more than double the time under tropic skies, and while other and worthier women were swe tering three in a stuffy box be The general began to realize that he had been made a cat's-paw of and, his amour propre being wounded, he had essayed for a day or two majestic dignity of mien that became comical when complicated with the qualms of seasickness. There was even noand Red Cross nurses, naturally became the recipients of the views entertained by these ladies. Quick to see, if slow to seem to see, Mrs. Frank has lost no time in begging one of the young soldier wives to share and discomfort between decks to separa-tion from her friend. Then Mrs. Garrison the day and evening, suggested, indeed that on hot nights they come and sleep there, one on the bed and one on the couch. and they thanked her, but-never came,

BY Gen. Chas. King. COPYRIGHT 1899 BY F. TENNYSON NEELY-

San Francisco camp.
But once fairly settled in Mantla, the Mhite Sisters seemed to regain all the old ascendency. Colonel Frost had taken a big.

that the guard at his quarters night be doubled, and was totally unnerved when told it might even have to be reduced. Not so Mrs. Frank. She made friends with the ascendency. Colonel Frost had taken a big. so Mrs. cool, roomy house surrounded by spacious grounds down in Malate and close to the plashing waters of the bay. Duties kept him early and late at his office in the walled city, but every evening, after the drive and dinner, callers came thronging in, and all Witchie's witcheries were called into play to charm them into blindness and to cover Nita's fitful and nervous moods, now almost painful'y apparent. Frost's face so urger cover Nita's fitful and nervous moods, now almost painful'y apparent. Frost's face was at times a thunder cloud, and army circles within the outer circle of Manila saw plainly that all was not harmony betwixt that veteran Benedict and that fragile, fluttering baby wife. The bloom of Nita's beauty was gone. She looked wan, white, even haggard. She had refused to leave Hong Kong or come to Manila until Margaret's arrival, then flew to the she'ter of

enough to care to talk. But, after all, her most sections trouble seemed to consist in keeping Billy Gray at a respectful distance. He sought her side day after day, to Armstrong's mild amaze, as has been said; and when he could not be with her was moody, even flerce and ugly-tempered—he whose disposition had been the sunniest in all that gray, shivery, dripping sojourn at the San Francisco camp. stalwart sergeant commanding; always had hot coffee and sandwiches ready for the midnight relief; made it a point to learn the name of each successive non-commissioned officer in charge, and had a winsome smile and word for the sentries as she

OUND IN THE

would a terrier, the young athlete whirled on the stalwart regular. There was the sound of a crashing blow, followed by a heavy fall. The corporal went rolling down the steps with Latrobe bounding over the tumbling form, and the next instant he had vaulted over the ledge of the open window on the lower floor, and vanished through the gateway to the beach. And now all along the Calle Real the bugles were sounding "To arms!"

Chapter XVI.

That was a wild day in Manila. Far over near the Escoita somebody shot at a vagrant dog lapping water from a little pool under one of the many hydrants. The sol-dier police essayed an arrest; the culprit broke and ran; the guard fired; a lot of coolies, taking alarm, fled jabbering to the river side. The natives, looking for trouble any moment, rushed to their homes. Some soldiers on pass and unarmed tumbled over the tables and chairs in the Alhambra in their dash for the open street. A stampeded sergeant told a bugler to A stampeded sergeant told a bugler, to sound to arms, and in the twinkling of an eye the call was taken up from barrack to barrack, and the news went flashing out by wire to the extreme front. The shop-keepers hastily put up their shutters and bolted their doors. Cabs, carts, quilez and carromattas—even the street cars—were instantly seized by the soldiery scattered all over town, and utilized to take them tearing back to join their regiments. In five ing back to join their regiments. In five minutes the business streets down town were deserted. Chinese cowered within smile and word for the sentries as she passed.

It wasn't Filipino aggression that she feared. The men wondered why she should so urgently bid them see that no strangers—Americans—were allowed within the massive gates. There were tramps, even in Manila, she said. When the sisters drove their natty little Filipino team flashed through the lanes and streets at top-speed, the springy Victoria bounding at their homes or fied to the sanctuary of the many churches. All over the great city the alarm spread like wildfire. The battalions formed under arms, those nearest the outer lines being marched at once to their positions in support, those nearer the walled city waiting for orders. Foreign residents took matters more coolly than did the Asiatic; German phlegm, English impassiveness and Yankee devil-may-carishness preventing a panic. But those who impassiveness and Yankee devil-may-car-ishness preventing a panic. But those who had families and owned or could hire cargaret's arrival, then flew to the shelter of that sisterly wing. Frank Garrison had been occupying a room under the same roof with his general, but both general and aid-de-camp were now much afield, and Frank spent far more days and nights along

missiles and the ceaseless crackle of rifle fire, could this be determined; for with their smokeless powder and their Indiantheir smokeless powder and their Indian-like skill in concealment nothing could be seen of their array. Over to the westward on the placid waters of the bay the huge Monadnock was driving shell after shell into the dense underbrush across the aban-doned rice fields and the marshy flats that lined the shore. Over to the east resound-ing cheers and crashing volleys, punctuated by the sharp report of field guns, told that the comrade brigade was heavily engaged and, apparently, driving the enemy before and, apparently, driving the enemy before them. To right and left their volunteer supports were banging into the brush with supports were banging into the brush with their heavy Springfields; and still there seemed no symptom of weakness along the immediate front, no sign of yielding. If anything the fury of the insurgent volleying increased as the sun climbed higher, and all along the blue-shirted line men grit their teeth and swore as they crouched or lay full length along the roadside, peering through the filmy veil that drifted slowly across their front—the smoke from the Springfields of the volunteers.

To lie there longer with the bullets buz-To lie there longer with the bullets buz-zing close overhead or biting deep into the

zing close overhead or biting deep into the low embankment, sometimes tearing a stinging path through human flesh and bone, was adding to the nerve strain of the hours gone by. To rush headlong across that intervening open space, through deep and muddy pools and stagnant ditch, and hurl themselves upon the lurking enemy in the bamboo copse beyond, had been the ardent longing of the line since daylight came to illumine the field before them. Yet stern orders withheld: Defend them. Yet stern orders withheld: Defend, but do not advance, said the general's message; and the whisper went along from man to man. "There is trouble in town behind us, and the chief may need us there." there. But, as 8 o'clock passed with no word of uprising in the rear, and the cheering over

toward Santa Ana grew loud and louder, the nerve strain upon the —teenth became well-night intolerable. "For God's sake, can't we be doing something instead of lying here firing into a hornet's pest?" was the murmur that arose in more than one the murmur that arose in more than one company along the impatient line; and the gruff voices of veteran sergeants could be heard ordering silence, while, moving up and down behind their men, the line officers cautioned against waste of ammunition and needless exposure. "Lie flat, men. Keep down!" were the words. "We won't have to stand this forever. You'll soon get your chance."

And presently it came. The cheering that

And presently it came. The cheering that had died away, far over to the left, beyond the wooded knoll that surrounded Singalon and Block House 12, was suddenly taken up nearer at hand. Then crashing volleys sounded along the narrow roadway to the sounded along the narrow roadway to the east, and a bugle rang out shrill and clear above the noise of battle; and then, closer still, though unseen in the gloom of the dense thicket in which they lay, the men of the 2d Battalion, strung along a Filipino trail that led away to the rice fields, swung their big straw hats and yelled for joy. A young officer, his eyes flashing, his face flushing with excitement, came bounding out from the grove at the left of the ing out from the grove at the left of the crouching line and made straight to where the veteran battalion commander knelt in rear of his center. It was Billy Gray, adjutant of the 3d Battalion, acting that day as adjutant to the regimental commander. The bullets whistled by his head as he darted springingly along, and in their joy at sight of him even old hands forgot the reserve of the regular service, and some man shouted: "Now we're off!" and the popular query, "What's the matter with Lieutenant Gray?"

At any other time, under any other circumstances, both questioner and respon-

At any other time, under any other circumstances, both questioner and respondents who gleefully shouted "He's all right," would have been promptly and sternly suppressed. But the senior captain at their head well knew the excitement tinging in the nerves of that long-suffering line, and only smiled and nodded sympathy. He saw, too, that Gray was quivering with pent-up feeling, as the boy halted short, saluted, and, striving to steady his easer saluted, and, striving to steady his eager

"Captain, the colonel directs that you open sharp fire on the woods in your front and occupy the enemy there. He is about to charge with the third battalion and drive them out of the trenches we've located over yonder," and Billy pointed eagerly to the left front-the southeast. The captain's grizzled face took on a look of keen disappointment. "You mean we've

got to stay here, and see you fellows go "Only for a few minutes, sir. The colonel

says that for you to charge before he's got onto their flank would cost too many men. You'll get the word as soon as he's got the

"Well said, Billy boy! That sounds al-most epigrammatic. Hullo! You hit? Stoop down here, man. Don't try to get perfor-

by stooped quickly to hide the irrepressible twitching about the muscles of his lip. Remington had ripped from side to s earing a way through the curly hair he top of his head and almost scoring th calp. To save his soul he could not quite uppress the trembling of his knees; but steadying himself by great effort, he con-tinued: "The colonel says to commence firing by volley the moment our bugles ound the charge. Now I must get back. "All right, youngster. Tell the colonel avey, and we'll do our level best—only, le us into it as quick as you can."

But Gray heard only the first part of th

sentence. He was panting when he reached is placid, gray-mustached chief, and could only gasp out, "The captain understands sir." And then the regimental commander simply turned to the battalion leader standing silent at his left in a little clump of timber-another veteran captain. gray as himself in long, long years of serv

"Now's our time, old man! Pitch in Gray, we'll go with him."
All along the line from right to left there ran the cross-country road connecting the broader highway, from Malate to San Raf ael and Paranaque on the west, and from West Paco by way of Singalon to Pasay In front of the right wing all was swamp orass or rice fields. In front of the lef wing all was close, dense bamboo and jun-gle, save where the broad, straight road-way led on past Block House 13, or the narrower cart track stretched southward overarched in places by spreading branch es, and commanded at its narrowest path by the swarm of dusky fighters in Block House 14. A year before the blueshirts tormed these forest strongholds from the outh and took them from the troops Spain. Now they were compelled to turn and storm them from the north; for, jus as Stanley Armstrong said at San Francis to, the Filipinos had turned upon their all nd would-be friend. Aguinaldo had beard

And while the volunteers and regulars to the right could only remain in support, it fell to the lot of the left wing of this brave fell to the lot of the left wing of this brave brigade to assault in almost impenetrable position an enemy armed with magazine rifles or breech loaders, and entirely at home. The bugles rang the signal; the officers in silence took their stations, and, steeping into the narrow pathways through the jungle, crouching along the roadways or crashing through the stiff bamboo, the blue-shirts drove ahead. Two, three minutes, and their purpose seemed undiscovered. Then suddenly block house 14 blazed ered. Then suddenly block house 14 blazed with fire and a storm of bullets swept the road. The earthworks in the thickets to the right and left seemed to be crowded with a running flame; and down on their faces fell the foremost soldiers, their gallant leader shot through and through, plunging headlong, yet in his dying agony waving his surviving men to get to cover. Vengefully now the "Krags" opened in reply to Remington and Mauser. The blueshirts struggled on inch by inch through the network of bamboo. Still the storm swept up the roadway, and no man could hope to face it and live. But, little by litope to face it and live. But, little by lit le, the low-aimed, steady volleys by squad and section through the canein by squad and section through the cane-break, or by company and platoon across the westward swamps, told on the nerve and discipline of the little brown men in the bamboo. Their shots flew swift, but wild and higher. Then a daring lad, in the rough field uniform of a subaltern of in-fantry, sprang like a cat into the fire-flash-ing lang and revelver is bend and reing lane, and, revolver in hand and a squad of devoted fellows at his heels, dashed straight at the wooden walls ahead. In frantic haste the occupants blazed shot af-ter shot upon him and his heroic followers. One after another three went down; but, in another instant, the lieutenant leading, they reached the block house and darted through the open doorway, the last of its garrison fleeling in panic before such un-heard-of daring and determination. And then came the rush of comrades cheering down the lane, tumbling over the earthworks and the luckless gang that, st crouching there, held to their position, ar all the southward leading road was ours. (To be Continued.)

No Fun at All.

from the Chicago Evening Post. "It's a shame, that's what it is!" exclaimed the boy, wrathfully. "I can't have

"What's the matter?" asked the sympa thetic neighbor.
"Dad says he'll lick me if he ever hears of me fighting with a boy smaller than I am, an' I dassn't fight with a bigger one."



A TEXAS RANGER'S CAMP.

## FRONTIER FIGHTERS

The Texas Rangers and Some of Their Daring Deeds.

CARRIED ON A SIXTY-YEAR WAR

Many a Battle With Cattle Thieves and Other Desperadoes.

ALWAYS IN THE SADDLE

Written for The Evening Star by N. A. Jennings. The Texas Rangers, an organization made up of former members of various companies of the lone star state, famous frontier fighters, will meet in San Antonio, Texas, November 2. It is likely that many hundreds of ex-Rangers will be at the meeting, for about three thousand of these men are still alive, and they all take a great pride in the organization. Some of the ex-Rangers are old, white-haired men who fought the murderous Apaches, Comanches and Kiowas in the 40's and 50's, fought them to a standstill, scattering the but the greater number are those who saw | band and killing a number of the worst equally dangerous service on the Texas | men in it when they resisted arrest. With frontier in the fifteen years immediately following the civil war, whose principal Hall, we succeeded in putting an end to a feud of forty years' standing in De Witt duty it was to drive out the Mexican raiders from across the Rio Grande, and to overcome the white desperadoes who banded together and terrorized the settlers of

the border counties.

In all truth it may be said that no body of frontier constabulary in the history of the world ever held such a record for bra-very and effective work as the Texas Ran-gers. They have been magnificent fighters ever since the time when forty of them fought their way through Santa Ana's army to the Alamo to join its little band of desperate defenders, and there gave up their lives with Davy Crockett, Sam Bowie

what were the odds against him

In the war for the independence of Texas, in the Mexican war and in the civil war the Texas Rangers did notable service. Many of them joined the Rough Riders when the Spanish-American war was declared, and of them Col. Roosevelt has

Roosevelt's Estimate.

"We drew a great many recruits from Texas, and from nowhere did we get a higher average, for many of them had served in that famous body of frontier fighters, the Texas Rangers. These needed no teaching. They were already trained to obey and to take responsibility. They were spiendid shots, horsemen and trailers. They were accustomed to living in the open, to

enduring great fatigue and hardship, and to encountering all kinds of danger." But wars have been but incidents in the areer of the Rangers, for they have been fighting a war of their own on the Texas frontier for over sixty years! During all that time they have fought against the nemies of law and order in their state and have had hundreds upon hundreds of bat-les and skirmishes with the enemy. The work of wresting Texas from the control of the lawless element which formerly reigned supreme along her borders has been slow, out it has finally been accomplished by the Rangers, fighting for every foot of ground throughout the long years.

The Writer a Ranger Himself.

It was my high privilege to be a Texas Ranger for nearly three years-from 1875 place of their own where they can hoard o 1878-and I therefore feel qualified in a measure to act as their historian, although the limits of this article are far too circumscribed to admit of any but the briefest reference to the work of the Rangers, as a I shall rather confine myself to telling of some of the exploits of my immediate comrades in the service of the state and endeavor to give in sketchy outline an idea of our life from day to day in amp and in the saddle.
Capt. L. H. McNelly, who had achieved

ame throughout the southwest as a leader of irregular cavalry in the confederate ervice during the war, was in command of the Ranger company which I joined at the age of nineteen on the Rio Grande border. There were but little more than forty men in our company, but the first work we were set to do was to put an end to the cattle stealing by thousands of Mexican raiders along the Rio Grande, a task which had proven too great for the many United States troops stationed along the river. The raiders were well organized and had carried on their depredations for years. They fine horsemen, expert plainsmen and courageous fighters when cornered. Their leaders were notorious bandits, who had fough their way to their places of command. A Fearless Body of Men.

But although the Rangers in our troop were little more than boys-they ranged from eighteen to twenty-three years of age, and McNelly himself was under thirty-they did not shrink from the work ahead of them. The captain had picked his men from thousands of applicants, and the result proved how splendidly he could judge men. I doubt if such a fearless body of young daredevils ever took the saddle in he service of any state as were McNelly's Texas Rangers. But there was nothing the border ruffian, "cowboy" element in the make-up of the troop. They were all well-educated young fellows, many of them college graduates, in whose veins flowed the best blood of the south and southwest. They

They had scught excitement out on the open prairies, where wild cattle and wild norses still roamed at will, and where the last herds of the buffalo yet grazed, but the Ranger company offered superior in-ducements for such as they, and it was with zeal and enthusiasm they entered the services of the state.

were real "gentlemen adventurers"—not of a kind, however, with those who salled the

Sparrish main.

Thirty Battles in Three Years. Under McNelly we found all the adventure we sought and to spare. In the three years I was with the company we had nearly thirty open battles with Mexican raiders and Texas desperadoes and any number of minor encounters with them. We arrested over two thousand outlaws in that time,

state. We literally lived in the saddle. We car-

ried our blankets with us, and wherever ried our blankets with us, and wherever darkness overtook us on the plains or in the chaparral there we lay down and slept. For two years I never once had so much as the shelter of a tent over me at night. If it rained we pulled our hats over our faces—for rain drops are cold when they strike the bare skin at night—and slept the sleep of tired children after a hard day's play; if it snowed we let the snow add a white covering to our beds and slept the sounder for it. But frequently we rode all night long, so as to be where we could surround some desperado stronghold at dawn and arrest—or kill, if they showed fight—those whom we sought.

Well armed with six-shooters and car-

those whom we sought.

Well armed with six-shooters and carbines, tireless riders, ready at all times to seek danger, quick to shoot and well able to shoot straight, McNelly's Rangers were a formidable body of men, and it did not take long for their fame as fighters to spread from one end of the state to the other.

other.

On one occasion thirty of us pursued a body of Mexican raiders five miles into Mexico and fought them there. They outnumbered us more than ten to one and they fought their best, but we killed twenty-seven of them and finally brought the others to terms and made them return the cattle they had stales. cattle they had stolen. At another time seventeen of the rangers met fourteen of the Mexican raiders on an open prairie and attacked them under a hot fire. They killed one of our number, but we killed the whole fourteen of them.

Twenty-Five Against Hundreds.

With twenty-five men we went to the stronghold of King Fisher's great band of desperadoes, numbering hundreds of the most desperate outlaws in Texas, and seventeen men, under Lieutenant Jesse Lee county, although both sides, numbering hundreds of men, were arrayed against us. We made 120 arrests in that county in one We made 120 arrests in that county in one month—most of them for murder. We pursued and captured stage robbers, train robbers, bank robbers and any number of lesser criminals who had successfully defied the efforts of the sheriffs and other peace officers, and once we put down a serious railroad riot by simply riding on the scene, giving a few yells and firing our six-shooters in the air. The rioters disappeared so quickly that we laughed. peared so quickly that we laughed.

Never were men more obedient to their superior officers in times of action than

and Travis.

Those men were the original Texas Rangers, and their example has ever been in the minds of their successors, apparently, for it is a matter of common knowledge in Texas that no Ranger ever shirked his duty or turned his back to the enemy, no matter with the minds of their successors, apparently, for it is a matter of common knowledge in Texas that no Ranger ever shirked his duty or turned his back to the enemy, no matter and the soldiers are made.

But very few of Moxality "Texas Rangers and probably in no like organization was there ever such a lack of "military discipline" when there was no work to do. The officers treated the men as the soldiers are made.

But very few of Moxality "Texas Rangers and probably in no like organization was there ever such a lack of "military discipline" when there was no work to do. The officers are made.

But very few of McNelly's Texas Rangers are alive now. Many of them went "over the range" in the service of the state, and others have scattered far and wide. A few of the survivors will be at San Anonlo at the rangers' reunion but their hair will be streaked with gray and the weight of years will be on their broad shoulders—for the times of which I write are those of nearly a quarter of a century

ago.

There are very few rangers still in the There are very lew rangers still in the service of the state, but their work is light now compared to what their predecessors had cut out for them. Still, they are efficacious, brave officers of the law and allocations. ways acquit themselves well when called upon to assist a sheriff in rounding up some particularly dangerous criminals

Furnishing the Nursery.

From the St. Louis Star.

The room selected for the nursery should be, if possible, large and lofty, with a south aspect. The walls should be prettily papered, and let the pictures and photographs be good, so that children may be trained from their earliest years to appreciate artistic things. A good picture is full of teachings to a thoughtful child. Cork carpet is better than an ordinary carpet, and there should be a high fender, well secured, before the fire, to avoid accident. A cupboard in a nursery is most useful and almost necessary. Children love to have a their hundred and one treasures, and many a wet morning can be pleasantly passed in turning out and rearranging them. Gas should never be allowed in a nursery, as it vitiates the atmosphere. A good lamp should be used instead, placed on a bracket safely out of the way, so that there is no of its being overturned. danger should be a good, roomy sofa, so that the little ones may lie down if not feeling very well, and a low rocking chair and footstool for the nurse, or, at any rate, a low chair, if the rocking one is not approved of. A crawiling rug is a capital thing for a baby, and it can be decorated and embroidered with all kinds of comic designs and representations of animals, birds, etc. A thermometer should hang on the wall, and the temperature be kept as near 60 decreases. temperature be kept as near 60 degrees as possible. If the nursery is obliged to be on the attic floor it is a good plan to have the slate whitened with a mixture of lime and size. This will help to keep the room coo

Songs and Their Singers. From Punch.



Ever since that memorable night on the Queen of the Fleet Gray had studiously avoided his whilom friend and counselor, duration, as was to be expected in the case of a woman who had secured for her undi-vided use the best, the alriest and by far low, it had cost but a smile. The captain repeated him of his magnanimity be-the lights of Honolulu faded out astern. quaims of seasickness. There was even no-ticeable aversion on the part of some of the officers of the Dudes, who, having made the journey from "the bay" to Honolulu with the women passengers, army wives and Red Cross pursues. her big state room and broad and comfort-able bed, and the lady preferred the heat tendered both the run of her cabin during she coddled the general with cool champagne cup when he was in the throes of mal de mer, and held him prisoner with her vivacious chatter when he was well in their sleep and slay without mercy.

THE YOUNG ATHLETE WHIRLED ON THE STALWART REGULAR. ciful heaven, Mrs. Lenox, there was time for that except by cable, and at \$4 word. No! If any doubt of what Frank Garrison will say or do exists in my mine I go and do the thing at once, then the

doubt is settled. If he approve, well and my fun, anyway."

But it made little difference what Frank Garrison might think, say or do when Nita's need came in question. It was for Nita that Margaret Garrison so suddenly quitted the Presidio and hastened to Ha waii. It was for her sake, to be her coun sel and protection, the elder sister had braved refusal, difficulties, criticism, ever Armstrong's open suspicion and dislike, to take that long voyage to a hostile clime That she braved, too, her husband's pleasure was not a matter of suffic weight to merit consideration. She there to help Nita, and until that haples child were freed from a peril that, ever threatening, seemed sapping her very life,

Margaret Garrison meant to stay For the letter that came by way of Hon olulu had told the elder sister of increas ing jealousy and suspicion on the colonel'. part, of his dreadful rage at Yokohama on learning that even there—the very hour of their arrival—when the consul came aboard with a batch of letters in his hand, he had one for Mrs. Frost. She had barely glanced at its contents before she was setzed with a fit of trembling, tore it in half and tossed the fragments on the swift ebbing tide, then rushed to her state room. There added a postsorier to the long letter pen-ned to Margaret on the voyage; and the purser, not her husband, saw it safely started on the Gaelic, leaving for San Francisco via Honolulu that very day. That letter beat the ordinary mail, for the Queen was heading seaward, even as the Gaelic came steaming in the coral-guarded harbor, and a little packet was tossed aboard the new troop ship as she sped away, one missive in it telling Witchie Garrison that the man whose life had been wrecked by her sister's enforced desertion was already in Manila awaiting her coming. and telling her, moreover, that the packet placed in General Drayton's hands conained only her earlier letters. In his reckess wrath Latrobe had told her that the which bound her to him by the most sol-emn pledges, those that vowed undying love and devotion were still in his hands, and that she should see him and them when at last she reached Manila.

when at last she reached Manila.

Three mortal weeks had the sisters been there together, and never once in that time did Nita venture forth except when under escort of her black-browed husband or the protection of her smiling, witching, yet vigilant Margaret. Never once had their use been approached by any one who bore resemblance to the dreaded lover. All along the Calle Real, where were the quar-ters of many officers, little guards of regulars were stationed; for black rumors Filipino uprising came with every few days, and some men's hearts were falling them for fear when they thought of the paucity of their numbers as compared with the thousands of fanatical natives to whom the taking of human life was of less account than the loss of a game chicken, and in whose sight assassination was a virtu when it rid one of a foe. A!ready many an officer who had weakly yielded to the importunity of a devoted wife was cursing the folly that led him to let her join him. The outbreak was imminent. Any one could see the war was sure to come—even those who strove to banish alarm and reassure an anxious nation. And when the assure an anxious nation. And when the call to arms should sound, duty, honor and law would demand each soldier's instant answer on the battle line, then who was to care for the women? The very servants in each household, it was known, were in most cases regularly enrolled in the insur gent army. The crowded districts in th sent army. The crowded districts in the city, the nipa huts surrounding the wealthy homes in the suburbs, swarmed with Filipino soldiery in the garb of peace. Arms and ammunition, both, were stored in the great stone churches. Knives, bolos and pistols were hidden in every house. Through the clergy, in some instances, and foreign residents in others the statement. foreign residents in others, the statement was set affoat that every American office.'s was set anoat that every american once, a residence was mapped and marked, that the Tagals were told off by name so many for each house in proportion to the number of American immates—and day after

threatening letter as a mad piece "bluff," when one day the unexpected hap-

CONTRACTION STORES

The men of the house, Frost and Garrison, were accustomed, when the latter was at home to breakfast together quite early. Then the colonel would drive off to the Ayuntamiento in the walled city, and Frank would mount his pony and ride away to his long day's duties. Later the sisters would have their leisurely breakfast, se-cure in the protection of the guard, would give their Chinaman chef his orders for the day, and send him off to make such pur es as were possible in the now scant market. Then reading, writing, callers of their own sex, would fill up th morning. There would be a brief slest after luncheon, an hour or so on the broad veranda overlooking the sparkling bay, then dress and the inevitable drive. Of then dress and the inevitable drive. Of Armstrong they had seen nothing, heard next to nothing. He was busy with his men over toward East Paco. Of Billy Gray of late they had seen rather too much. On one pretext after another he was now forever coming to the house, and Witchie was hesigning to wish that Cankor was beginning to wish that Canke and had his way; but Canker had falled

The witnesses he counted on proved dumb or departed, and it had pleased the general-in-chief to send him with a regiment of in-fentry and a brace of guns to garrison an mportant point on an adjacent island, an to tell him that in view of the impossibility of his substantiating his charges agains of his substantiating his charges against Gray, the youngster had some shadow of excuse for his violent outbreak. Rather than bring up a scandal, it was best to drop the matter entirely. Gray had been ent to duty with the was thoroughly well, and a good-hearted battallon commander, taking pity on his battanon commander, taking pity on his obvious change for the worse, had found occasion after the first ten days at the front to send him back to quarters in Malate, instead of incessantly on duty along the threatened line toward Singalon (Church, and while headless). acting the threatened line toward Shigaton. Church; and while he seldom came in the evening when numbers of visitors were present, the boy had a way of dropping in between 3 and 4, when he could generally count on a few moments, at least, alone with Mrs. Frank. She had nursed him well in his slow convalescence, had made deep impression on his boyish heart, lacerated as he conceived it by a disappointment at home. She had won him to her service, as she thought, until she felt sure he was ready to do almost anything for her sake, then she had put him to the test, and he then she had put him to the test, and he had failed her. Believing, as she did, that the boy well knew the whereabouts of the alleged deserter, Morton, and his friend, Nita's reckless lover, she had counted on him to wring from them the letters poor Latrobe declared he still possessed; but the hree weeks had passed without a sign, and

it was becoming evident to her that Gray had lost track of them entirely.

One brilliant afternoon, as she lay on the broad, cane-bottomed bedstead with its overhanging canopy of filmy netting, she drowsily heard the corporal posting the new sentry in the marbled corridor below. new sentry in the marbled corridor below. and then marching the relief to the gate opening to the beach. Nita was al-ready up and moving about in her room. Margaret heard the rustle of her skirts and the light patter of her tiny feet as she sped over the hardwood floor of the main salon. She heard her throwing back the sliding shutters that kept out the glare of the sun in the morning hours, and knew that she was gazing out over the tree-dotted lawn toward the gate where the guard lounged through the warm afternoon. All of a sudden, quick and stirring, a bugle sounded over on the Calle Nueya, where the North Dakotas had a strong detachment. The call Dakotas had a strong detachment. The can was repeated, and, army woman though she was, she did not recognize it. She could not remember ever having heard it before. Then up the street, from the Engineer barrack, there came thrilling echo. before. Then up the street, from the before. Then up the street, from the before and there was a sound of movement and excitement along the dusty thoroughfare. She heard Nita calling her name, and then the child's quick, nervous step along the hallway toward the stairs. Then came a hallway toward the stairs. hallway toward the stairs. Then came a sudden stop, a gasping, wailing cry, and, springing from her bed and to the door, Margaret found her sister cowering before a tall, slender man in the rough dress and field equipment of a private soldier. With a little packet—letters apprecently had a little packet—letters, apparently—held forth in one hand, while the other grasped her wrist, Rollin Latrobe stood sternly gaz-ing at the girl shrinking at his feet. The tableau was over in another second. Springing up the broad marble stairs came Billy Gray, the corporal of the guard at his heels, and Latrobe saw his danger in a flash. Throwing little Gray aside as he

d battle was d battle was on. Hours after dawn, hours after the attack began, the —teenth were in extended battle order to the south of Malate, confronted by thickets of bamboo that fairly swarmed with insurgents, yet, only by the incessant zip and "whiew" of their deadly

his driver to lash the ponies to a galop and go like the wind to Malate, but the appearance of the long ranks of sturdy in-fantry resting on their arms and beginto look bored, measurably reassured him before he reached his home. Once there, however, the sight of Nita, clinging hysterically to her sister and moaning on her bed, was sufficient to determine his first move, which was to wire for his launch to come around to the bay shore and take

come around to the bay shore and take them off to the fleet. The next was to send and ask for an officer and twenty men from the Cuartel, on receiving which message the major com-manding, standing on the dusty roadway in front of his men, grinned under his griz-zled mustache and said, "Frost's got 'em again. Here, Gray, you go over and tell him to keep his hair on, that it's nothing but a fake alarm." And Gray, glad enough f the chance to go again into the present of the woman who so fascinated him, sped on his mission. He was in a fury over his re-cent humiliation in her sight—he, a com-missioned officer, tossed aside like a child and outwitted by this daring intruder in the shape of a private soldier—he and his guard brushed away and derided by a oung fellow in some strange regiment— ho had easily escaped along the beach to an adjoining inclosure into which he darted and was no more seen. The streets were full of scurrying soldiers, and it was the The streets were simplest thing in the world for him to mingle with them and make his way to his own command. Of course, Gray well knew who the man must be—Nita's troublesome lover, of whom Witchie had told him so lover, of whom Witchie had told nim so much. There was his chance to recover the etters and claim the reward; but man and letters and claim the reward, but man and letters both had escaped his grasp; and when he pulled up, blown and exhausted after fruitless chase, he was brought to his

senses by the sight of his own men falling in "for business," and he had to scamper for his sword and join them.

That was a miserable evening. Margaret Garrison was the only member of the nousehold who seemed to have her wits about her and her nerves under control, for Frank, her liege lord, had his duty elsewhere, and not until hours later trot-ted slowly home. Margaret plainly let Gray understand how he had fallen in her estimation at being so easily tossed aside. A warning finger was laid upon her lip. "Not one word of what has happened while he is here," she muttered, and a nod of her fluffy head toward the perturbed colonel told plainly that the chief of the household really had no place in the family councils To the sisters that alarm was a blessing disguise. It was all sufficient to account for Nita's prostration.

To the rash and reckless lad, who, claiming to be an orderly with a letter from the colonel, had been passed by the gate guard colonel, had been passed by the gate guard to the open stairway, it afforded ample cover for escape, when, alarmed by Nita's cry, Gray and the corporal came springing to her aid. To Gray himself it gave only to the corporal came springing to her aid. a few minutes' forgetfulness of his trou-ble, for, smarting under the sting of a wo-man's only half-hidden disdain, he would have welcomed with almost savage joy some fierce battle with a skillful foe, some scene in which he could compel her respect and admiration. He was still smarting and stung when at last that opportunity

Long will Manila remember the night. It followed close upon the heels of warnings that for weeks held every officer and man to his post of duty. Day after day the strain increased. The insurgents, crowding upon our outposts in front of Santa Mesa on the north and of Santa Ana on the south side of the Pasig, had heaped in sult and threats upon our silent sentries, compelled by orders to the very last to submit to anything but actual attack rather than bring on a battle. "The Americans are afraid," was the gleeful cry of Aguinaldo's officers, the jeer and taunt of his men. The regulars were soon to come and replace those volunteers, said the wise-acre of his cabinet, therefore strike now acre of his cabinet, therefore state toops before the trained and disciplined troops before the trained these big boors into the arrive and sweep these big boors into the sea. And on the still, starlit night, sooner perhaps than his confederates within the valls intended the rebel leader and, long before the dawn of the lovely Sunday morn that followed, the fire flash ed from forty thousand rifles in big semi-circle around Manila, and the long-expect-

any fun at all."

and broke up gang after gang of horse thieves and cattle thieves and murderers who roamed over the western part of the